

# Electric Six, Making Progress

Love is nothing more than a stain on a dress  
Watching what you sold being purchased for less  
Euthanasia that's easy to ingest  
and they call this making progress

If you take a billion plus a little finesse  
and dreamy Yale boys cashing in on their success  
Then you take a bath in Uncle Sam's treasure chest  
That equals making progress

Meanwhile I am drowning in an ocean of stress  
Analyzing data for a sure sure bet  
An affordable commodity that I can invest  
Your love  
Your sweet sweet love I guess

Baby baby baby it would best  
If we got together tonight and regressed

It's not like we'd be de-evolving  
and the world wouldn't stop revolving  
We could forget the problems no one's solving  
Surely I jest  
and you're not listening anyway

Where we go from here baby is anybody's guess  
So repress your insecurities and take off that dress  
Cause the day we realize no one can clean up this mess  
Will be a fine day for making progress

Will be a fine day for making progress